

How To Tame The Ocean

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Summary: Berk is an isolated island, surrounded by a sea filled with monsters that allow no one to sail without being attacked. Hiccup tries to perfect a way to fish along the coast to gain his Father's approval, but he catches something far more interesting ... This sea creature could reveal his true place; not on land, but in the sea. DolphinToothless! VikingDiverHiccup!

1. Chapter 1

I'm just reimagining httyd right now ... could you please read and tell me what you think? It's something that jumped out of the water right at me. - oh look at that I'm being punny!

Just a few things, this was just a side effect of watching HTTYD and HTTYD2 then a documentary.

I hope that you'll give this a chance, I have plans for this to be a big thing. Hope you enjoy!

* * *

><p>This is Berk.<p>

Its three miles North of hopeless and a few degrees South of freezing to death, located solidly on the meridian of misery. Why so dramatic, you might ask. It's because nothing good happens here, I'm serious.

My village, in a word, is sturdy. We've lived here for seven generations plus. We're an isolated bunch, we have a 'charming' demeanour, we don't take to outsiders too well and like to pick fights. We're ruled by superstition and traditions and a solid ideal that all must align with at some point in their lives.

My problem is that I'm still getting to the 'alignment' part.

But let's backtrack very slightly.

Why are we isolated? Let's see, where to start â€¦ We live on an island, there's a mountain range in the middle, good for sheep and cows and farming. There are hills that are good for wood, and several hidden coves both inland and by the sea. My village is facing the sea, about half a mile up from the coast if you follow the path, or a Viking's stone throw away from a cliff if you want the quick way â€" I mean jump.

Now it's the sea that is the problem.

We can sail, sure, but this is where superstition comes in, but it's called the Meridian of Misery for a reason. Unless you sail within land-sight distance you go missing forever. We've only ever found the washed up shipwrecks and bodies of those who've gone missing. It's not a fluke either. It's been happening for as long as we've lived here, apparently our ancestors were wrecked on this island and that's how our village began.

The saying around here is that there's a monster, a siren, a leviathan, some kind of sea dragon or serpent that attacks ships unless you go in a big fleet â€" and you can imagine how often that is â€" and even with a full battle fleet only half will come back.

So that's why we're isolated, not many traders come â€" Johan is one of the lucky ones, carries more good luck charms than the entire village does, and yet he often has to abandon ship and swim here claiming he was attacked. It's always a different story each time, it had teeth, it had tentacles, it screamed, it whispered â€" which leads us to believe there's a bunch of sea creatures waiting to hunt us. He's an outsider so he knows how to swim, Berkians tend to wade upstream or paddle. Normally Johan has something of value that he can trade for a ship and off he goes.

But anyway, my people, Berkians, are afraid of the sea and we always have been, so I'm told. Even the Elder, Gothi, who lives above it doesn't go near the cliffs or docks.

Because of that there's a shortage of fish, not many fishing boats come back with fish in tow, so the sea is pretty much 'the puddle of Hel' to us. No one, I mean no one, goes near the beach or the sea, and definitely we don't go in the sea. The closest we go is in the rivers upstream, miles and miles upstream.

Yep, superstition runs deep here â€" though I might want to add that it's properly reinforced.

Now because we're so land locked the people who live here tend to be muscular and strong working the wood, stones and land, even ice, that the island has to offer â€" much like a block of land themselves.

That's the ideal.

Take my Dad for instance, he's nearing seven-foot tall, and is about as wide as two people standing together, lots of muscle and power. He's the chief of our tribe. Strong, brave, defensive and protective

of his home and the scariest thing since the ocean-monster; they say when he was a baby he took one look at the ocean and it went running back at a full moon.

Do I believe this â€| yes I do.

Trust me, when you've been glared down by him you'd want to run like that ocean tide too.

So there's Berk, the top dog, the way of life, our food sources and our traditions.

Oh, and then there's me.

I'm â€| scrawny. There's not much point in denying it, I'm practically a skeleton with skin compared to my Dad and the other teens in the village. I'm not sickly or anything, I'm just a weakling. I don't have a prayer of intimidating the ocean into submission, it would only laugh at me â€" to be honest I think it already does. I can't lift my own body weight, and that's not much, or rocks, or most important livestock â€" chickens don't count apparently. I've got green eyes like my Mother, or so they tell me, the ocean took her when I was a baby. I've got auburn hair, edging towards brown as I'm getting older, and I've got freckles and a small scar on my chin â€" no idea where that came from, Dad said the sea gave it to me the night we lost my Mum, but he doesn't know exactly how it happened.

Because of what I look like and my lack of strength I'm the village outcast. Which has made me socially awkward, and even more of an outcast since I've had no one to be friends with me:

Not Fishlegs, although he's the one who often get put with me in chores. Nice enough I guess, a little uncertain and timid around me, but he's strong. That's why he's accepted, he's really knowledgeable too, he'll ramble on about sea monster legends or ghost stories or even facts about the animals we keep, most of it is fascinating. He helps with most things but it mainly a heavy stone lifter â€" that's likely to be his profession. Us youngsters help out wherever someone needs us, but we aren't tied to one profession yet.

Not Ruffnut or Tuffnut, the village twins one girl one boy. They're loud, mean and like to be violent. But they're tough, and their like for destruction has put them on the shortlist for being tree choppers. More trees felled than any known pair, but when they've got nothing to do they tend to break, they fell less approved things, such as houses, and statues.

Not Snotlout, my cousin on my Dad's side through my Uncle Spitelout, he's the 'perfect' Viking. Loud, strong, brave â€" or foolish, boastful, and thick skulled. He's likely to be a hunter, the desired job of choice, and if not he'll be moving rocks with Fishlegs. He's arrogant, mean and likes to push me around and beat me up, so of course being family only makes it worse and I don't have much escape from him. I'd rather jump in the ocean than stick with him.

Not Astrid, she's the toughest girl in the village. She's strong, determined and doesn't really like to talk to me. It just sucks that I happen to like her doesn't it? She's definitely a hunter. That's likely to be her profession. She can't stand Snotlout, she hits him a

lot. I like to watch. She trains for hunting all the time, as if she's already been named a hunter. Personally I think all their future jobs are cooler.

What's my job you say?

Actually we don't have them yet, we just pitch in here and there, but I'm an exception because this keeps me out of trouble. I'll have one chosen with the others, I hope it's one that I'll be good at. But my temporary job is an apprentice at the smithy.

I'm a blacksmith, I work under my Dad's friend Gobber. He's lost a hand and foot in a fishing accident, his boat capsized and he was badly hurt by the broken wood, so he lost his hand. Then the crazy guy went at it again and the same thing happened, he lost his leg this time, and his tooth. Since then he's been grounded and has worked his lifelong trade of moulding metal into weapons, ornaments and other things, even mugs. Yet he also has a second talent that he's been teaching me since he can't do it with one hand; making leather. Both jobs are nice work, I even have my own little space at the back of the forge, it's a nice escape.

So that's everything you need to know about me, and my village.

Now let me tell you how it all changed for me.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was curled up in his bed when the storm began to rage.<p>

It was vicious, with howling, screaming wind that didn't pause for breath, and relentless, pounding rain that lashed against everything and anything in its path. The houses creaked and groaned under the onslaught, like they were digging in their heels to prevent being blown away. The ocean's waves crashed into the cliffs of Berk, so big they sprayed the houses with salt water. The thunder boomed and crashed mightily, Thor's anger echoing for many, many miles in every direction. It shook the earth and rattled the sky, tearing it open even more.

It woke Hiccup from his slumber and he flinched as the white lightning of the gods flashed through the cracks in the window.

Hiccup had never cared for storms. He wasn't afraid exactly, but they were something dangerous and yet common. He pulled his blankets over his head in a fruitless attempt to block out the rage of nature until morning.

He hoped his plan wasn't ruined â€|

* * *

><p>When dawn broke the rain had finally subsided and a crisp, if slightly damp day began on Berk.<p>

The people emerged from their houses, with lucky weapons and charms clutched in their hands, and began to examine the village for damage. Fortunately only the dock was damaged, it was missing one section and

a few floor boards, people's houses were missing a few tiles here and there, and one defensive pillar was missing a catapult.

Chief Stoic at once began to organise his people for a quick and effective clean up.

Hiccup and Gobber were asked to build the metal parts for the catapult, namely the loading point, the nails and the wheel reinforcements. All easy work, but tedious.

Around mid-afternoon saw the end of a hard day's labour. Hiccup hammered away and then quickly doused the last of the nails "One hundred and twenty six, Gobber!" he called, setting everything down in relief and a small burst of pride and satisfaction that came with finishing a long important task.

Gobber stuck his head over his project and examined the nails "Excellent! Just got to touch up the old hammers then yer out for the day if you've got plans," he commented in his enthusiastic way, piling the nails into buckets for later use.

Hiccup gave an awkward smile "I do have something â€¦ er, should I get those hammers?" he asked when Gobber didn't let him loose.

Gobber nodded absently "Out back!" he called.

Hiccup packed up his tools and walked around the shop to pick up the hammers left by the builders. There were six large stone hammers waiting for small repairs to ensure they'd complete the reconstruction of the catapult.

He had just dragged the box to the doorway, he was too weak to lift the box, when a rough hand shoved him backwards.

Hiccup smacked his head sharply on a stray wooden box and briefly saw stars before regaining his vision. Snoutlout was laughing boisterously as he walked away, the twins sniggering just behind him. Hiccup touched the back of his head gingerly and hissed at the sharp throb of pain, it would smart for a bit, hopefully it wouldn't turn into a large lump. Hiccup thanked his lucky stars it wasn't bleeding, and that he was still awake â€" he didn't want to appear any weaker than he was.

He stood up and heaved with non-existent muscle and _finally_ delivered the box of stone hammers.

Gobber saw how he swayed on his feet and sighed, he put down his tools and pushed Hiccup onto an anvil "Take a breather Hiccup, yer look like yer goin' ta drop," he chuckled, thinking that it was just the lifting that had worn him out.

Hiccup rubbed his aching head and nodded "Yeah, a hit to the head would do that to you," he muttered sarcastically.

Gobber paused with this new information and then just ruffled his hair fondly "When you get yer profession named you won't have to worry about them anymore, they'll be too busy bashing heads against rocks and skulls," he grinned and patted Hiccup on the back, it nearly sent him back to the floor.

Hiccup winced as he thought of the day when his profession would be named. The young were given a job role in the village and spent the rest of their lives studying it. It was chosen by performing several tasks and the Elder read into your performances and listen to the gods until she knew who and what you were meant to be. She was very good at it, not one disappointed customer to date.

Hiccup, or Snotlout, were to be chief in the future, but that didn't meant you could skip out on pitching in with the village.

Hiccup sighed "Dad will just make me stay here with you and work in the forge," he complained.

Gobber chuckled "Don't worry lad, you can still spend your spare time here with me if you want, gods know I enjoy yer company," he twisted a hammer back onto its handle and winked fondly at Hiccup who smiled quietly.

Hiccup glanced outside "You're the only one â€¦ maybe Gothi will say I'm meant to be here," he said dully. It wasn't that he hated it here, but to be belittled and forced under constant supervision in the disguise of an apprenticeship was very demeaning.

Gobber smirked and moved onto the next hammer "Na lad, yer not meant to be cooped up in here. You've got somethin' about yer, don't know what, but yer place is out there doin' what you do best," he wisely stated, though he knew not what Hiccup's destiny was, it wasn't in any conventional profession. Hiccup got restless in the forge, he was easily bored and always experimenting and researching, he was a good forger, but it wasn't his true calling.

Hiccup tried to look disappointed for his friend and mentor's sake, he was the only adult who came close to understanding him. But he had to go and check on his plan â€¦ "Do you need me still?" he asked, watching Gobber speedily repair the hammers.

Gobber shook his head "Na, run along Hiccup. I've got this," he grinned.

Hiccup smiled for the first time that day and slipped out of the forge. He made his way across the village into the woods. He hoped he wouldn't run into his tormentors, his cousin especially; they were merciless when they were without witnesses.

* * *

><p>Hiccup made his way through the trees to the small stream and began to follow it down to the beach.<p>

The beach made Hiccup nervous, it was the one place where he could be alone, yet it was dangerous here. People had been known to have been swept off into the sea and never been seen again. Because of that Hiccup stuck close to the rocks that made a slope to the sea, it wouldn't take much for Hiccup to be swept away, he weighed practically nothing.

He was an idiotic fool for coming here, just a mile away from Raven's point where the sea stacks began. The beach was bare like a haunted wasteland, and the way it moved under his feet was unnaturally

strange. The sand was dull, mostly golden but brown and black too with rocks and boulders scattered across the barren land.

Hiccup scanned his eyes across the horizon, along the coast, and out to sea just encase a monster was waiting to snatch him away. When nothing moved he slowly approached the characteristic landmark of the sea stacks. He had put a net there yesterday in the hope of creating a better method of fishing for his village, then he'd be helpful instead of Useless.

The beach beneath his shoes made him nervous, nothing good happened on the beach.

Once he was on the rocks he felt slightly safer and walked to a deepish pool with overhanging rocks on the sides. Hiccup has secured a net to the sides and hoped the storm would wash something into it; he wanted to have something to show for his toil of making the thing.

When he looked into the pool he saw ripples and soft splashes.

His heart leapt in hope.

Hiccup fell to his knees and peered over the edge of the pool. He had caught something!

He ducked back against the rocks and gathered his nerves to look properly. He only caught a glimpse, but he had definitely seen a Big shape in the net. It wasn't a fish like he had planned.

He looked again.

His net was tangled and wrapped tightly around a dark shape. The shape was large, larger than an average man, more like a canoe in how sleek it was. It was easily two and a half times as long as Hiccup was, and about twice as wide at the middle, there was a fin coming from its lower back, and its skin was a dark grey on the underbelly with black on its back. Its mouth was a long, like a nose, and the net was tightly around it, keeping it closed. Its small eyes were also closed. It was moving pitifully with the waves, twisting and turning on the spot as it hung from where the net had it suspended, half out of the water with the retreating tide.

Hiccup stared. A fish that size could feed everyone at one sitting! Or himself and his Father for a year!

Clearly the gods were smiling on him today.

Hiccup stepped down onto some lower rocks with wide eyes. "I-I did it?" he asked, half unsure. He pinched himself twice and jumped when the ocean surf sprayed him, "Definitely awake â€| oh this, this fixes everything! Yes!" he cheered.

He approached the place where one part of the net was tied and brought out his small dagger. If he could somehow bring this home he wouldn't be labelled Useless anymore, or at least for a day or so. He pulled the net a little closer, or tried to. "I have caught one of the ocean's monsters! I have brought down this mighty beast-"

"Squee!"

Hiccup yelped and thrust his dagger forwards while scrambling backwards for a grip on the rocks.

It was still alive!

His heart was pounding as he watched the creature's eye open, it began to thrash with its powerful tail, wailing and, dare he say it, screaming in alarm. The eyes were deep and dark as they rolled in the creature's head, before finally focusing on Hiccup.

Hiccup felt fear flash down his spine when he saw the alien intelligence in the creature's eyes. They focused on him like a trained arrow.

The giant fish stilled for a second, panting deep and heavily as if it were exhausted. Then it seemed to whimper, its eyes never left Hiccup's.

Hiccup just stared, not even the ocean's waves splashing him could break him out of his shock. He nearly dropped his dagger from loosened fingers, but gathered himself just in time. He swallowed and climbed to where he was above the creature and licked his lips uncertainly as he approached.

This was not a fish.

This was a sea monster, one of the things that had been tormenting his people for years, he could extract revenge and be the first person to kill a monster. The excitement of how he would be glorified nearly made him lose his grip on the rocks. He looked down at the monster who was wriggling slightly and twisting to keep its haunting eyes on the boy.

Hiccup felt his breathing speed up and gasped a few gulps of air before grasping one part of the net and holding the dagger steady "I'm gonna kill you, monster," he said as evenly as possible, steeling his nerves and his face in determination. He slashed one side of the net and made the monster swing closer to one side of the pool, where it would be easier to stab it in its heart.

The monster moved with the net and got itself tangled again. Perfect.

Hiccup climbed down until he was level with the creature, and crouched by its side, where he could see its smooth flank, where a heart or organ lay. Hiccup turned the dagger in his hands so he could stab cleanly downwards.

He swallowed and felt his blood rush in his ears "I'm â€¦ I'm gonna cut out your heart and take it to my Father," he said firmly, never wavering. He closed his eyes and could nearly see his Father's face, for once proud, Astrid and Snotlout staring in admiration, the twins moving to one side and Fishlegs grinning unashamed of their delicate friendship.

"I'm a Viking." He said to himself, at last he could call himself that. He would finally earn the privilege that all the others were born with. He could make up for not being tough and strong. He looked

the creature in the eye and yelled "I'm a Viking!"

In response to Hiccup's yell the monster let out another squealing whimper and struggled again, but found it could not move more than an inch in any direction.

Hiccup turned away from the eyes of the creature and breathed deeply and raised the dagger. He heard a curious sound that resembled a sob and opened his eyes to find that the monster's eye was locked on him.

There was fear in that eye, the monster's slightly green, mostly black pupil was shrinking in terror and it was shivering uncontrollably, panting and whimpering as it hung restrained and helpless.

Hiccup paused in shock.

It was scared â€

The spray of the ocean woke him up and he turned away and raised his arms higher.

The monster let out a wail and closed its eyes.

Hiccup felt his heart tug painfully and gritted his teeth as he willed himself to lower his arms and make the blow that would make him the most respected person in the village. He jerked his arms, they would not move. His hands were stiff, his elbows were locked.

All he could see was the pure terror in the creature's eyes as it begged for its life, for it to be spared â€ and Hiccup felt â€ Empathy.

Hiccup knew that fear.

â€

He couldn't do it.

His arms dropped to his sides and he opened his eyes to examine the scene before him. His blood now cold as he saw the monster waiting for its life to end. Hiccup felt sick at the thought of taking a life. It was a monster, but those eyes understood his intentions, understood so much, it was scared because it couldn't help being a monster in the unfortunate path of a potential Viking. Just as he was a runt in the path of a perfect village. He looked at his shaking hands, then back to the monster.

It was covered in scrapes and bruises, probably from the rocks and the storm last night, there was some dried blood, and some skin was dry. It looked weak too, tired. It must have been hanging here all night. Hiccup felt a pit in his stomach, the creature couldn't go free because he was tangled in his net.

"I did this â€

Hiccup turned to leave, to run away from this revelation and forget those haunting eyes, but the deep gasps of the monster stopped him.

It would just lay here until it died of hunger â€” a slow painful death â€” it would be the same as stabbing it, Hiccup realised and closed his eyes tightly and faced the monster again.

Hiccup hesitated. This wasn't what a Viking would do. He glanced around for someone who could see, though he knew there was no need, and prepared to do something stupid.

Hiccup put his knife to the net and sliced cleanly.

With a squeal, the monster fell into the pool and swam disoriented for a few seconds as the rest of the net began to fall off its sleek body.

Hiccup saw some of the thick strands tangle on its back fin and reached down to pulled it off. It was free.

Then the monster struck!

It turned with surprising speed when the net was fully off it and grabbed the dangling edge of Hiccup's bearskin vest and yanked him forwards. Hiccup pitched forwards and was dragged into the cold sea water.

Hiccup yelled, his voice cut off quickly due to the water surrounding him and entered his mouth. Then the panic set in, he struggled, clawing at the water with his hands and kicking with his heavy feet. He only sank more.

His clothes were heavy, he was never taught how to swim, and he was completely caught off guard. Hiccup could barely think, but he knew if he didn't get a breath soon he would drown!

Then the creature was there.

It pushed him up to the surface and Hiccup gasped a breath and coughed painfully. The creature splashed him with its tail and herded him threateningly into a corner with no escape, Hiccup clung to the rocks and watched at the creature stared him down with those alien eyes. Its mouth opened and it was a big one, one that had lots of sharp needle point teeth!

Hiccup closed his eyes and turned into the wall. _Make it quick_, he thought, maybe it would bite his head off instead of drowning him.

The creature seemed to growl and Hiccup dared to peek one last time â€” only to be smacked roughly in the face by the creature's tail.

Hiccup crashed back into the pool. That was a powerful blow. His head rung and his face was numb with the force. He floated dazed and nearly out of it.

When he regained his bearings he found himself in the shallows somehow, his face was uncomfortably propped on the edge of the rocks above the water's surface. He gripped the edges of the pool and pulled himself up to the dry side of the rocks.

He looked behind him and saw the large monster swimming around the

pool fast and faster. Hiccup thought that it might be performing some evil charm on him and, although he had never put much stock in gods or luck, he quickly sent prayers to all the gods he could think of for protection against evil.

Then the monster launched itself into the air.

Hiccup's jaw dropped at the surprising grace and beauty that movement had, and what pure power lay within that body.

It cleared the rocks into the deeper, larger pools of the sea stacks that would no doubt lead it out to sea to never been seen again. For a whole second he got to view the monster in the air, and in its element it was a sight to behold " Hiccup would later look back and feel honoured to have seen such an event, but for now he was just trying to wrap his head around the fact that a creature bigger and heavier than him could somehow fly out of the water.

Several leaps later and the monster was out of sight, lost in the fog of the sea stacks.

Hiccup swallowed, and promptly spat out the salt of the sea water, and stood weakly on his feet as the splashes and calls of the monster became more distant. Hiccup picked up his dagger that had fallen in the shallows of the pool, and breathed as his heart finally calmed.

Blinking like an owl, Hiccup sluggishly trudged towards the beach. As soon as he was on the sand the adrenaline left him and his legs refused to support him.

He fainted.

* * *

><p>When Hiccup arrived at home he was only damp, but smelled strongly of the sea.<p>

He had hoped it was all just a dream, everything from the moment he got out of bed. But the gods could never be that nice to him.

He woke up on the beach with the tide lapping at his ankles. He scrambled back to shore and then trudged home in the dark. He had a large bruise from the monster's blow to his face, and a bump on the back of his head where Snoulout had shoved him. There was still a little sand in his clothes, and he still had water in his boots that squelched with every step, and his hands were still shaking from _the event_. Not even from the cold.

Stoic, Hiccup's Father, glanced up when Hiccup squelched loudly through the front door. His blank face allowed one eyebrow to raise at the sight of his boy wet and shivering.

Hiccup jumped when he realised his Father was still up and gave a sheepish smile as he edged towards the stairs "Er " I don't really have much explanation for this," he admitted, just hoping he would be allowed to disappear to his room.

Stoic turned back to the fire and sighed deeply "Hiccup, I'm taking several men to search for the Hel sent devils from the sea."

Hiccup perked up a little and stopped inching. "Oh æ| when?" he asked, the real announcement must have happened while he was unconscious. His Dad had the top profession; A sea Hunter, one of the few who were priviledged, brave, and skilled enough to sail and survive and hunt at sea.

Stoic just looked into the fire "First light. I need to speak with you son," he heaved to his feet and approached Hiccup who was now sitting on the stairs.

Hiccup tilted his head and pulled off his sodden shoes. "About what Dad?" he grunted, blinking in shock when water tricked out of the shoe he was holding upside down. _I guess they're waterproof on the inside too._

Stoic glanced at the sight but dismissed it "About your up-coming profession choosing."

Hiccup at once went rigid. "R-right æ| well I'm sure Gothi's had a few tricky customers before," he began, his Father had often mused and discussed the idea of having Hiccup not participate or have a private choosing. The tasks were designed for fully fledged Vikings after all, Hiccup was sure that his Dad didn't want Hiccup embarrassing him, as his only son he was a failure. Even his name meant runt. "I'm sure she'll just put me in the forge, or a tailor or æ| something a little more æ| me, right? No need to skip out-

Contrary to what Hiccup was suspecting Stoic was just worried for him. Some tasks were very trying and injuries were known to happen, but Gobber had persuaded Stoic by pointing out that it was the only way for Hiccup to find his niche in the village. Gobber had even volunteered to be Gothi's assistant to keep an eye on Hiccup.

Stoic heard the slightly hysterical edge appear in Hiccup's rapid speech and grunted in a stern way to get him to listen "I won't be there to see you through it, so do you best, and for the love of Thor be careful," he grumbled.

Hiccup shut up.

His wide green eyes turned to his Father "I-I'm not being pulled out?" he asked in astonishment.

Stoic shook his head wearily "No. tradition states that all, even potential chiefs, must take part. I can't risk you not being favoured by the gods, you get yourself into enough accidents and trouble as it is."

Hiccup shrunk under the harsh words but couldn't keep the grin off his face "I'm in æ| wow I'm, wow æ|"

Stoic gave a hesitant smile "If it's too much I can always-

Hiccup waved his hands before him "No, no, no, it's great, I'm just-I never expected this," he admitted.

Stoic nodded "Okay. Be careful, er, train hard in between, you're tested three times on each one. I've got to go and, hmm, gather the

men in the ships."

Hiccup dipped his head at every other word "Okay."

Stoic put on his hat and picked up his lucky talismans and his bag of belongings "Good. I'll be back â€| probably," he finished, always aware of the threat that something was out there waiting to kill him as much as he waited to kill it.

Hiccup kicked off his other shoe and watched his old man walk towards the door "And I'll be here â€| maybe," he finished softly, always aware that the torments and accidents were worse when his Father was away. Must be the gods playing a hateful game on him that Stoic happens to leave on a voyage when Hiccup was ready for his choosing, a dangerous combination.

When the door closed Hiccup was left with nothing but an empty house, and his thoughts.

He moved up to his room and sat on his small bed, his room was more of an attic, it even had a sky-facing window that he often climbed out of, or fell out of, he wasn't great at climbing. It was covered in his drawings of places he'd seen, people he knew, captured in many different lights and moods, and then there were his designs for the forge. He had tried designing and crafting a new type of weapon, like a spear combined with an axe for a long range that you didn't throw, Gobber had dismissed the notion unfortunately.

Hiccup looked up from his bed to his desk and grabbed a charcoal pen and some paper and began to sketch the creature he had seen that day.

He had a crystal clear memory of things he had seen, and so drew in the creature's sleekness, its wide eyes, smooth skin, streamline body with an odd back fin and two side fins that didn't look like they did much. Then the tail that moved so differently from other fish, up and down instead of side to side. But it was the face, the long narrow nose that opened into a wide jaw, and the hole in its forehead, that Hiccup remembered clearest.

When he was done he stared at the creature he could not kill due to fear of its life. It was captured in mid jump, elegantly curved, a creature perfect for the sea.

Hiccup wondered if he was truly a weakling, to be low enough to empathise with what was clearly a sea-dweller, and thus a monster. One of the monsters that had killed his people. However he knew exactly why he had empathised.

But he had been told that he could have been drowned at birth. That terrified him. If his Mother and Father hadn't of believed he would be strong he would have been tossed off Raven's point. The people never let him forget this.

Sometimes, if people thought you were too useless and bad luck, you could be tied to a stone at low tide off Raven's point, and the water would slowly rise to drown you. This was a fate designed to free the village from bad influences. Hiccup lived his life trying not to screw up, trying not to be bad luck or an accident bringer â€| he failed often â€| to avoid being given that fate.

He felt tears in his eyes.

That creature didn't want to die.

He didn't want to die.

If it weren't for his Father he could have been dead long ago, it was him sticking up for him, or maybe no one dared demand this of the chief " to sacrifice his only son and heir for the sake of the village? Who would be mad enough to suggest such a thing?

The forge saved him, Gobber saved him, his Dad saved him.

So he saved the creature. Because when he stared into those terrified, pleading eyes, he saw his own fate: tied to a rock until death.

He couldn't kill that creature when he knew that this was a masquerade of a fate he could be cursed with.

Hiccup placed that piece of paper in a draw of his desk and promised himself that he would never forget this lesson today. He was better than his tormentors, he knew mercy, he was not a killer, and today was proof that the gods did not despise him.

Hey, he was here in once piece, right?

They must have something in store. Hiccup decided to look to the positives and quickly got ready for bed to prepare for what the next month's tasks would bring him.

* * *

><p>Yeah, I made Toothless a Dolphin.

(So, yeah ... that happened - don't ask how my brain works, even I don't understand!)

So here's why this came out at me:

I think that flying is a lot like swimming and Hiccup could become the first of his tribe to have a pod of dolphins to swim and train with, Toothless being his special number one friend of course.

Dolphins can help catch fish and save lives and even navigate ships and fetch things so I thought that this is an intelligent animal that Hiccup could really get along with.

I also just happened to see the trailer 'a Dolphin's tail' in which the Dolphin Winter really reminded me of Toothless because they have a similar experiance - go watch that trailer and you'll know what I mean.

I hope you enjoyed this, and that you'll give it a chance, I'd love your opinions everyone so please drop a few by, I don't mind clearing them up :)

2. Chapter 2

****Well this is finally ready!****

****Hi everyone, if you've come back for more I hope that this is 'more' enough!****

****Writing this is hard, HTTYD the movie(s) rely so much on spectacular visuals that I feel that writing it undervauls all the settings. Like the opening, Hiccup's descibing life at the village while we're drinking in the sight of Berk - I've got to do both and it's difficult to make it flow right ...****

****But I've managed somewhat, even if I believe it's less than awesome.****

****A few shout outs:****

****1) Toothless is not an abnormally large Dolphin! He is a big one, but a bottle-nose male is about two meters long, and remember Hiccup is SCRAWNY and short as hell in the first movie! So side by side Toothless will look very big, and even next to Stoic I think Toothless would be impressive, nearly as tall as him ...****

****2) Thanks to tothesea, Heartofadragon2014, and kitty.0 - your reviews were so nice to read.****

****3) I have seriously thought this through, I even have drawings of what Hiccup's outfit will look like and things. I hope that you'll all appreciate it when it's done.****

****bla-bla-blaugh - Disclaimer, intro, ENJOY!****

*** * ***

><p>Mornings on Berk are mostly cold, damp and covered with a healthy layer of fog; which was exactly what Hiccup woke up to.<p>

The house was cold and empty, the fire gone from when his Father had finished watching it. But Hiccup didn't mind too much, even when his Father was home he was often absent or elsewhere. Being alone meant no awkward talks or even more awkward silences.

He took some bread from the barrels by the fire and ate in silence as he thought about yesterday.

Two strange things had happened yesterday. One was the sea creature, and the other was that his Father was actually allowing him to enter the village choosing with the other teens.

It sounded too good to be true, the only catch was that his Father wouldn't be around to save him should something go wrong " like it always did.

Hiccup wondered what the tasks would be, he doubted they'd be too complex, Vikings weren't known for coming up with complicated things. Vikings weren't secretive as a general rule since they liked to boast, but the tasks were, on the whole, only vaguely talked about. Hiccup theorised that the result was more important to talk about than the tasks themselves, that's what you could boast about the

most, but it did make the day ahead that much more nerve wracking as he didn't know what to expect.

The top choices of professions were; Sea Hunter and Land Hunter. Sea hunter was most privileged, only elites got that as a profession. Land hunter was second best, you were allowed extra weapons, to have the best of your kill, you got first pickings after the chief, and it made you a respected person all round to provide for your village.

But it was the Sea Hunter that most kids either dreamed of, or silently admired with no intention of putting themselves within reaches of the dangerous sea. You were fighting to avenge your people and or rid your people of the monsters that surrounded the island. There was no higher honour.

Stoic and his uncle Spitelout were Sea Hunters. Snotlout was expected to become one, thought Hiccup had his doubts for his cousin; he wasn't sharp, fast or cunning like their Fathers. He did like to show off though â€|

Hiccup washes his breakfast down with a mug of water and then moved outside to the meeting place where all the teens would begin the tasks that would give them their designated place in the village, for life. In a way it was like their destiny.

The village was nice to look at this morning, the sun was burning off the mist and hitting the roofs so they shimmered, and the grass sparkled with dew drops. The paths were a little muddy, and the people were only just dragging themselves from murky sleeps.

Finally there was the ocean.

Hiccup was warily spellbound by it. The sun made it sparkle like dew, but ever shifting, the light looked gold and the sea was the colour of the dawning sky. It looked as fresh as the day felt crisp. Despite what had happened yesterday and a lifetime of fearsome stories about the sea, Hiccup was helplessly fascinated by it.

Just like his Mother, Valka, had been.

Due to that knowledge he had obediently, and sensibly, kept his fascination in check, and observed and wondered from a distance. His plan for better fishing which involved going onto the beach itself was a rarity and something Hiccup had been terrified to do. But it had turned out, more or less, alright. No harm was done, and he had escaped with his life and a healthy dose of reinforced fear.

Hiccup made his way down into the village, then up to the great hall. He could have walked directly to it, but wanted to see if Fishlegs was up yet. Apparently he was.

The great hall was within the mountain the village was based at. It had been carved into the mountain, fortified with wood and stone, and could hold the entire village plus their livestock if the winters were extra harsh and required it. It was also meant to be an army bunker â€" but, seriously, Meridian of Misery? Who'd want a base in the middle of that? Needless to say it hadn't been used for war that much. There were carvings of great chiefs, Viking heroes, gods, and monsters all made from the finest stone for decoration. Above the

central fire pit there was a metal sea serpent speared by a mighty sword, frozen in a screaming demise. Finally there were many seats and long tables for the people to eat at communally.

Hiccup looked just inside the large wooden doors and saw the teens all waiting for Gobber and Gothi, they were sitting at a wooden table near the door and chatting loudly.

Hiccup took a deep breath and walked over to them, Fishlegs was there. Once the normal insults had passed from the bullies he could talk to him about Sea Monsters. Fishlegs loved to read and learn things, he would know what he had seen yesterday.

Tuffnut saw Hiccup approaching and stopped pulling his sister's hair to sneer in his direction "Oh great, who let him in?" he asked, slamming a fist on the wood.

Everyone turned to him. Snotlout and the twins groaned in disappointment, Fishlegs nervously glanced between them, and Astrid just stared him down for a second before looking away "Hiccup sighed, he wasn't even worth her acknowledgment.

Tuffnut grunted "No, seriously, who did it?" he looked at Ruffnut "Was it you?" he demanded.

Ruffnut glared "I was sitting right next to you, idiot!"

"You could have done it while I blinked!"

"Oh, like this?" Ruffnut hit him with her plate and sent him flying to the floor. She laughed in maniacal delight before Tuffnut dragged her into an all-out brawl under the feet of those still sitting at the table.

Snotlout smirked when Hiccup gingerly took a seat at the edge, wary of twins who could bit his ankles. The taller boy leered in his direction "So what are you here for? Keeping score while I win?" he asked, kissing his bicep while glancing at Astrid, dramatic pause and everything.

Hiccup didn't reply, he just shrugged.

Snotlout then moved onto talking about how much he was working out, hoping to catch Astrid's eye.

Hiccup sighed when his attention was diverted, he looked at Fishlegs and smiled slightly "Um, hey," he offered lamely.

Fishlegs hesitantly met his eyes "H-hey," he returned lowly.

Hiccup cleared his throat awkwardly, Fishlegs was nice enough, but interaction for Hiccup was just hard. No one understood him enough to have a proper, open, relaxed conversation. Gobber was the exception due to years in each other's presences, they had been awkward at the start, really awkward.

But Hiccup forced himself to speak, his curiosity couldn't keep him silent. "I was just thinking that you know a lot about the sea monsters, because you know all the books," he began, Fishlegs taking more of an interest now. "I was wondering if you could help me find

the name of one I heard about?" he asked

Fishlegs nodded at once "Sure, what did it look like?" he asked, his large meaty hands put before him with the sausage fingers locking in a thinking pose.

Hiccup smiled at the response. "It's big, slightly longer than a man, greyish in colour, small eyes, er, breaths air, and looks generally like a fish with a fin on its lower back," he recalled.

Fishlegs thought about it for a long time "Were there barnacles on its head?"

Hiccup shook his head "No, it's completely smooth."

"Any tentacles? Or large teeth that pierce its own mouth?" he probed.

Ouch, Hiccup winced, _eating must be painful for that one._ "No, small teeth and no tentacles."

The larger boy looked at a loss "I can think of something close, but not exactly what you described. I think you may have seen a small serpent, eel class. Only they don't breath air and they have a spike coming out of their backs not a fin," he admitted disappointedly.

Hiccup sighed and looked down "Okay, thanks anyway."

Fishlegs grinned slightly "If it's a new one you've heard about maybe you should talk to Old Pages, and he'll add it to the book," he suggested.

Hiccup offered a small smile "He'd probably think I was making it up," he laughed.

Fishlegs chuckled too and then turned his attention back to the group who were now taking bets on what the challenges would be.

Snotlout stood tall "A fight to the death! It's got to be it, only the strong survive, and our village is the strongest!" he argued.

Tuffnut tilted his head "Er â€¦ 'kay, there'd better be fire involved."

Snotlout looked frustrated when no one agreed with him past that. "Come on, it's makes sense, doesn't it? Even with a Profession everyone knows how to be a warrior," he whined.

The doors opened again and all the teens turned to it in expectantly.

Gobber lumbered around the corner and spotted the teens "What you doin' sitting in here? Get out there!" he called, pointing at the door with a hook prosthetic.

Everyone jumped to their feet and marched, or trailed, outside to where Gobber was pointing. He counted them all and gave Hiccup a 'subtle' pat on the shoulder for good luck. Hiccup's knees nearly

gave out under him, but he smiled anyway, he knew Gobber meant well.

Gobber cleared his throat "Okay you lot, follow me to your first task, Gothi's waiting and we don't have all day." He started walking into the woods with his signature slight-limp due to his peg leg.

On their way through the woods idle, excited chatter started up again amongst the teens, all about what they were about to face. Hiccup had a few ideas, judging by the injuries he had heard about he could rule out anything like a death fight, or something spectacularly complex. Most of the injuries were broken bones, therefore strength or agility were key in these tasks " _great!_"

He was clumsy and weak.

The path they were following was, coincidentally, part of the path Hiccup followed when he met the sea creature. Hiccup glanced down the river towards the ocean with mixed emotions, burning curiosity, confusion, fear, and most of all wariness. He half expected the creature to come crashing out of the river below the log bridge and take him to his untimely death. Was a slap to his face really all it needed for revenge?

Hiccup licked his lips nervously and moved away, stepping close to the others and risking their attention just to feel safer from the sea.

When the trees thinned out once more, the group found themselves standing on a flat stone expanse next to a cliff, where Gothi's house was built precariously on the very top of a sea stack, with only a small wooden log bridge linking her to the main land. On the flat area were several things, running through it was a semi-deep stream, it be above the teens heads, but it wasn't very wide. The next thing was a few tall poles, a cliff wall filled with nooks and crannies, and large boulders sitting innocently in the dead centre. There were targets and stuffed sacks that looked like they had been well punched. It looked a lot like a training ring, only highly extensive.

Sitting on a wooden stool was Gothi herself, little, with frail limbs, and a body that looked too wide and stout for her thin arms and legs. She had no voice, but spoke with symbols that, frankly, only a few could translate " and even then she often rolled her eyes and shook her heads at them, so they were probably not very good. Hiccup smirked at the idea of a villager being smart enough to translate her symbols, "we're not known for our brains."

She nodded in the teen's direction and picked up several bones, the bones of an animal of some kind, Hiccup didn't know what they were from, but each one had a carving of the gods on them as well as others. She rattled them in her just as bony hands and tossed them on the floor.

Gobber grinned "No wastin' time, once we know what you're doing, I'll set you up and your first task will be off," he explained cheerily.

Everyone watched with curious expressions as Gothi examined the bones, her face a mask of concentration. Eventually she picked up her

staff and pointed to the pile of boulders.

Gobber followed her gaze "Okay, they're using the rocks, what for?" he asked.

Gothi tottered over thirty meters from the boulders and drew her staff in the dirt in a firm line, she then pointed at the rocks then back to the line, then moved to return to her stool.

Gobber clapped his hands "Very good Gothi," he grinned. "Let's get started! The first of you who gets their boulder over to the line will be the winner of this task. I'll choose your rocks so that they're all the same size, and then you can line up and have at it," he chuckled.

Hiccup paled at the sight of the mountain of giant rocks. Each one was up to his knees at least, and too big to put his arms around. They didn't look like they could roll easily either, not that he'd have much success rolling the rock, he would be lucky if he could even wobble it!

Fishlegs was humming to himself as he looked at the distance. "Smooth terrain, could carry it or drag it quickly."

Snotlout looked arrogant "I'll have that rock over my head before it's over the finish line," he wiped his nose in a proud way and sniffed imperiously to gain attention.

Ruff and Tuff were already arguing over which boulder they would use. "There's like a million boulders!"

"No! I want that one, it's â€| speaking to me," Tuff finished dreamily.

Ruff growled and shoved him "Rocks don't speak, idiot."

Tuff shoved her back and they locked helmets "If you dare to say something bad about my rock I'll-"

"You'll what?"

"I'll, er â€| I don't know, don't rush me."

Hiccup facepalmed quickly and then went back to sinking in his own doom. He didn't have a prayer.

Astrid had a determined face on and was tapping her foot impatiently. She probably had a path all figured out.

She was destined for Sea Hunting, she was sharp, strong, fast and cunning. She would survive. Plus Hiccup doubted she would accept anything less.

Gothi drew another line in the dusty earth and put a stick in the ground to stand for a timer, Hiccup felt both dread and relief. They were on a time limit; that meant that he would never be able to finish this, but that it also meant that he wouldn't still be here next week trying to do it. There was point in time where he would be told 'enough', and it was quite soon.

Gobber waved everyone over "Line up and when yer ready we'll get goin'," he hobbled back to Gothi and watched the sun make the shadow of the stick move.

The teens each looked at the rocks with dread and puzzlement, how to move these quickly? Hiccup saw that not even Fishlegs would be able to wrap his arms around these rocks in order to carry them. He had no hope.

Gobber cleared his throat "Ready in three, two-"

Snotlout jumped "Whoa, wait, aren't you going to tell us what to do?" he asked, his voice pitching slightly as he expected orders.

Gobber smirked "I believe in learning on the job," Hiccup repressed a smile of his own, how typical "€" he still had quite a few scratches and burn scars from his first time in the forge. Gobber finished "One! Go!"

Everyone at once tackled and wrestled with their boulders.

Gobber began to rattle off random bits of information "You have until the sun reaches Gothi's line, about three minutes I should think. There's no right or wrong way to go about it, just get it done."

Hiccup leaned all his weight into the rock and dug his feet into the earth, using all his strength. The rock actually wobbled, which was more than he was expecting. He shoved it again and it sluggishly rolled, but to the side. Hiccup looked at it in confusion, he had been pushing forwards "€ then he realised that the earth sloped towards the river, and the line was directly in front of him and parallel to the stream. Hiccup huffed and tried to correct his course, after all the fastest way from A to B was a straight line. That was the Viking's way.

He looked up after another few seconds of fruitless pushing.

Snotlout was attempting to lift it, cat calling in Astrid's direction while he did so. "Once I get his off the ground, it'll be a piece of mutton," he ground out between clenched teeth. "You know you should come by my parent's basement to work out, you look like you work out," he drawled, pausing to watch her move.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut had started another brawl when they accidentally bashed heads while dragging their rocks about half a meter forwards. They were now rolling around and throwing punches.

Fishlegs was doing better. He was doing small lifts that were wearing him out, he would lift it an inch, lean forwards since he couldn't do much else, and dropped it about five inches from the last position. He was getting tired fast and was breathing hard and wincing at hurt muscles.

Astrid was having the best luck. She turned the rock so that the smoothest side faced where she wanted, then rolled it, very slowly. But she was nearing halfway.

Hiccup groaned and tried to copy her, but the rock once again rolled

closer to the stream, and by 'rolled' it was a pathetic wobble.

"Time's up!" Gobber yelled " he wasn't called The Belch for nothing, his voice was loud and god forbid if anyone was around while he was drinking.

Everyone groaned or looked frustrated at their progress. Astrid was meters ahead of everyone else, and about another ten from her goal. Fishlegs had made it four meters behind her, Snotlout had been too busy trying to get attention so had only moved about five meters from his start point. The Twins hadn't moved as they had fought the moment they started. And Hiccup might as well of sat this one out for the amount of progress he had achieved.

Gothi shook her head slowly at everyone.

Gobber winced and moved forwards waving his good hand "Okay you lot, that was your first attempt. Remember that you'll be doing something different tomorrow, but there will be, at some point, a repeat of this so go away and train and devise a strategy in which you can improve on last time."

Hiccup wondered if he could bring a tool to help him. He raised a hand hesitantly "Er, can we bring items to help us out or "

Gobber, after a quick look towards Gothi, nodded "Yeah, why not? You've got to do yer best, so if you think that you can improve with a tool then bring it," he allowed.

Fishlegs looked pleased, Hiccup thoughtful, and everyone else didn't respond.

Gothi retreated to her house to listen to the gods, and Gobber began to lead them back to the village.

Fishlegs turned to Hiccup and cleared his throat softly to get his attention "Hey, Hiccup, I've been thinking about that monster you told me about," he began, hoping that no one else would see them talking.

Hiccup turned and looked at him with a curious expression.

"Maybe you should go look in the book of Monsters yourself, I mean, there could be a rare or obscure one that you heard about that I haven't remembered," he offered.

Gobber, who had been ambling slightly before them then turned and laughed "I doesn't matter what type it was. Who cares what they look like, all of them have the same personality; they're evil, vicious, and will always, _always_ go for the kill," Gobber finished with a low tone of warning.

Hiccup blinked in surprise and, when no one was looking, darted down the path that lead to the beach.

* * *

><p>"So why didn't you?"<p>

Hiccup asked aloud minutes later. The tide was out once again, and he was looking down at the pool where the creature had been captured. The tattered remains of his net were still there, and according to Gobber, he shouldn't have been standing here looking back at the event. _I should be dead._

But how could Gobber, and the book of Monsters be wrong?

Hiccup looked out towards the sea, as if it would shed light on his situation, but it was just an endless blue. He looked a little closer to home and saw the large sea stacks like a forest of stone rising out of the sea. Below the sea stacks were rocks and boulders and hollows worn and placed by the sea in pools of various heights. At some point they'd reach the wide ocean.

Hiccup wondered where the sea creature had gone, he stepped down on the rocks and began to follow the only dry path along the rocks closer to the sea. He shouldn't be doing this, but he felt that perhaps there would be a clue as to why he was spared yesterday. Curiosity was a dangerous thing in this world, but also something Hiccup had in abundance.

He got closer to the sea but then stopped when the path he was walking along cut off. There was a very deep pool below him, with rocks piled high all around it, keeping a wall between the pools and the ocean; a sea stack must have fallen in the storm. There were holes in the wall which stopped the pool filling up to the top, and so the wall was towering over sea level. However the sea mist made it hard to see until you were standing about ten meters away. The pool looked deep, he couldn't see the bottom, but there were some eroded parts in the rock that went down to the water level, and even gave it a bit of a shallow beach at one end.

Hiccup watched the ocean wave hit the wall and spray lightly over the top of the tall stones.

Some of the water hit his shoes.

The monster was obviously long gone, so why was he here? To look for answers that didn't exist?

Hiccup shook his head "Well this was stupid," he muttered, and began to pick his way back to the mainland.

However, just as he was about to leave the rocks around the deep pool there was a loud squeal that was horrifically familiar.

Hiccup gasped and fell back against the rocks, turning in mid fall to see his incoming doom!

But there were no teeth ready to bite him, and no evil eyes fixed on him, there wasn't even a tail ready to hit him like the last time. There was only a loud splash from the other end of the pool.

Hiccup hesitantly crawled to the edge of the pool and blinked when he saw the sea creature swimming in circles. Its fin cut through the water and the tail made the creature move in a curious galloping motion that was not seen in fish; their tail went side to side. The body looked perfect and sleek, moving through the water like an arrow

through air. The creature surfaced for a second, then dove deeply, so deep Hiccup lost sight of it, then it launched itself out of the water towards the tower of fallen sea rocks.

It hit the rock about halfway up and fell back down crying out in obvious pain and frustration before splashing back into the pool.

Hiccup stared and quietly moved so he could peer out from behind some cover. He pulled out his notebook and watched the creature as it limply swam another few laps. Hiccup once again sketched the body, sleek, and detailed the shapes of the fins, as well as the shape and motion of the tail "as much as he could capture of it on paper. The odd hole in the top of its head, and even a hint at those intelligent eyes, Hiccup realised he needed a larger piece of paper to get half these details.

Hiccup watched as it dove down again. "How did you get stuck down there?" it wasn't a very good sea monster if it couldn't even tell where the deep pools were.

It tried to clear the wall to another pool, but was faced with the same problem; it was too high. The creature fell back with more squeals and whimpers of pain, splashing loudly. The sea creature then swam to a shallow edge of pool and rested its head on a low rock, breathing deeply.

Hiccup felt a stirring of pity as he saw how exhausted the creature was. When a fish, a simple sardine, swam too close the monster tried to snatch it, but there wasn't enough room to move in the pool. The tiny fish went in-between the rocks and out to sea while the monster remained stuck. It was going to starve here. The creature rested its head again and let out a long, sad, sigh.

Hiccup sighed with it and looked down at the rocks, pitying it and feeling sorry for its fate; to waste away to nothing. Unfortunately that moment of weakness made his grip on his charcoal pen lax, and it clattered down the rocks to the water.

The creature looked around at the sound of the splash. Then it moved out of the shallows and looked up. The tail went down into the water and moved fast to keep it's body 'standing' upright so it could peer at the rocks above the sea, including Hiccup's spot.

Hiccup saw it eyeing him and swallowed slightly, tensing to run away.

But the creature clicked and turned its head to the side, eyeing him with one intelligent black-green eye. it looked down the side of it's bottle-nose and stared at him so intently that Hiccup felt like it was analysing him.

Hiccup leaned back slightly before unconsciously copying the movement in his own form of curious wonder; was it questioning why he was here? Did it recognise him?

The sea air chilled Hiccup as much as the alien gaze did. It wasn't threatening or evil, but it was so inhuman and yet intelligent that it freaked him out trying to place it to a category. He picked up his book and backed away.

The sea creature clicked a few more times before diving into the deep once again.

Hiccup breathed a sigh of relief and turned and jogged back along the path of rocks and boulders, out of reach of the sea creature's jumping height ... and away from the trapped sea creature in general.

However, its eyes followed him in his mind all the way home ...

* * *

><p>Hi There, you're still here? Oh good.

As I hope you can see, I tried to keep the character's dialogue as close to the movie as possible, or the episodes. Of course there are changes due to the AU-ness of my story, but I didn't want them to be unrecognisable. So they're going to be saying similar things or things that will keep them in character.

So Toothless is still trapped, **and without food since Dolphin's rely on a pod for food on the whole and he's not in an ideal place to get fish. He's also unable to escape since the wall has drainage which will stop the sea filling it up enough for him to escape. Hope that made sense.**

In the next chapter, there will be another task that Hiccup will struggle with, but will eventually overcome with the help of Toothless and what he's learnt in the water - that's right! Sooner or later Hiccup will become the first person on Berk who can swim!

End
file.